

## Where does the Woe Fall?

God has denounced a woe on him that inviteth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also?

There are two classes of persons who are liable to bear the weight of this curse—the rum-sellers, whose motive is gain; and those who give their neighbor drink gratuitously as an act of misguided friendship. The guilt of the practice, however, is none the more excusable because the donors have not for their object the acquisition of gain, nor is their example any the less deleterious to the public morals.

I include in this second class those ladies or gentlemen who, on the occasion of the approaching festivities, are found decking their sideboards with the goblet and decanter, in which sparkle the inebriate's poisons with which passion panders to the cravings of unnatural desire; or in other instances—as if they were careful that the evils of the former would not be commensurate with those of the past—may be seen paying their devotions to the shrine of Bacchus, by tempting their visitors to pledge themselves as devotees to the rosy god, and to baptize the infant hours of the opening year as men are wont to baptize ships—in bottles of ruby wine. And you think I have overdrawn the picture! Come with me, then, and see for yourself—seeing is believing. It is New Year's morning. Let us enter this splendid mansion, for we have heard that the lady of the household remains at home to "receive" us; and I am sure she is prepared, for I have seen the bustle of preparation going on for a five-days' party. The confectioner sent home some large cakes, yesterday afternoon, and I saw the man from the grocery store unload all its supplies of rice and dried fruit. See, the waiter employed for the occasion breakfasts us in. The parlor door stands open. Come, don't be bashful; I'll introduce you. The lady at the head of the table, who is now rising to receive us, is Madame —, and that galaxy of beauty with which she is surrounded, and of which she is the brightest star, is composed of her daughters' companions. You perceive they are all smiles. But come, be seated, and mark well the routine. Madame invites you, in tones of true conviviality, to partake of some refreshments. The table is loaded with choice viands of the season, which have, in the arrangement, evidently taxed the taste of the inn-hostess, and her company; and in a prominent position in the centre is a beautifully designed silver tureen; stand a little above it, and beamed, are plump decanters of cordial and wine. At the proffered hospitality of the lady, you bow graciously in token of ascent. The young ladies enliven the occasion with witty and pleasant remarks; and while you are really captivated by the smiles of these fair entertainers, Miss — remarks, "I'm making calls," suggests the air is cold, and proposes you take a glass of wine. And why lies the blood to your cheek? Your decision of character has come to you assistance, and, aided by moral principle, you beg leave to decline. But your blushing cheeks and the lady's apparent disappointment, both tell me that a struggle was necessary to the refusal. And now, as we bid the ladies good morning, let me say to you that where one young man will refuse, as you have done to you, the efforts of his house he recedes rather than advanced.

In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and, to his horror, found himself standing back to the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and barking with rage, and sending forth the most terrible and deep-toned roar. At once, for the first time, left seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and, disengaging the animal, then with the other, but finding that they did not believe him, he seized the horse with both paws, and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer reflected the application of such winged spurs, but it was all of no avail—he had evidently caught a Tartar; and in spite of all the efforts of his horse he receded rather than advanced.

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Three rough fellows sought an introduction to Senator Wade at New Orleans, and told him they had always been rebels and would always be rebels, as they were honest in their belief of the righteousness of the lost cause. "Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, "I am happy to meet you. You are the first rebels I have seen since the war closed; the balance of the Southern men claim to be Union men. Now tell me, if you please, how did you three men manage to carry on such a dreadful war against the government, and keep it up for four long years by yourselves?" The crowd received the rebuke in silence. The three rebels did not attempt to explain how they did carry on the war.

It is reported that an embargo was laid upon Rosa Bonheur's large picture of Highland cattle by the French officers, on suspicion that a dun-colored bull in the picture had the rinderpest.

## Hunting with the Lasso.

The following amusing adventure is from Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border":

A naval officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the noose at the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill that, upon his arrival upon the coast of South America, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set off for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whips above his head in the most artless manner, and sent the noose directly around the bear's neck.

Thinking that the evils of the former would not be commensurate with those of the past—may be seen paying their devotions to the shrine of Bacchus, by tempting their visitors to pledge themselves as devotees to the rosy god, and to baptize the infant hours of the opening year as men are wont to baptize ships—in bottles of ruby wine. And you think I have overdrawn the picture! Come with me, then, and see for yourself—seeing is believing. It is New Year's morning. Let us enter this splendid mansion, for we have heard that the lady of the household remains at home to "receive" us; and I am sure she is prepared, for I have seen the bustle of preparation going on for a five-days' party. The confectioner sent home some large cakes, yesterday afternoon, and I saw the man from the grocery store unload all its supplies of rice and dried fruit. See, the waiter employed for the occasion breakfasts us in. The parlor door stands open. Come, don't be bashful; I'll introduce you. The lady at the head of the table, who is now rising to receive us, is Madame —, and that galaxy of beauty with which she is surrounded, and of which she is the brightest star, is composed of her daughters' companions. You perceive they are all smiles. But come, be seated, and mark well the routine. Madame invites you, in tones of true conviviality, to partake of some refreshments. The table is loaded with choice viands of the season, which have, in the arrangement, evidently taxed the taste of the inn-hostess, and her company; and in a prominent position in the centre is a beautifully designed silver tureen; stand a little above it, and beamed, are plump decanters of cordial and wine. At the proffered hospitality of the lady, you bow graciously in token of ascent. The young ladies enliven the occasion with witty and pleasant remarks; and while you are really captivated by the smiles of these fair entertainers, Miss — remarks, "I'm making calls," suggests the air is cold, and proposes you take a glass of wine. And why lies the blood to your cheek? Your decision of character has come to you assistance, and, aided by moral principle, you beg leave to decline. But your blushing cheeks and the lady's apparent disappointment, both tell me that a struggle was necessary to the refusal. And now, as we bid the ladies good morning, let me say to you that where one young man will refuse, as you have done to you, the efforts of his horse he recedes rather than advanced.

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## BRADFORD DRUG STORE.

### LEONARD & DAY

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